

The Gift Makers Opportunity

Our new and beautiful line of holiday goods is now ready for your inspection. Do not fail to see our special attractions in

CHINA WARE, CUT GLASS, BRASS GOODS, TOILET CASES, LEATHER GOODS, PICTURES BOOKS ETC.

SANTA CLAUS has also made our store his headquarters with a full line of

DOLLS, DOLL FURNITURE, TEA SETS, MECHANICAL TOYS, FRICTION TOYS, HORSES, WAGONS and a multitude of similar attractions.

W. E. Lynch & Company.

Wood and Coal.

I have opened a wood yard and am prepared to deliver wood any size or length anywhere in town at reasonable prices. Can also fill orders for coal.

Will move my saw cut wood where lots of four or more cords are offered at one place.

I also run a public dray. Ring me up. My phone is No. 32.

J. R. TOMPKINS

Notice to Farmers.

The Graniteville Manufacturing Company desires to purchase from the farmers and others, good grades of cotton (nothing below Strict Low Middling, Augusta Classification). Augusta prices will be paid for such cotton. No low grades or wet cotton can be purchased, as it is undesirable for our use.

A. H. GIBERT, Secretary.

C. W.

WATSON

DEALER IN General Merchandise

Simple and fancy groceries, notions, fireworks, Christmas decorations, nuts and fruits of all kinds. You will find our prices as low as the lowest. We bid for a share of your trade. Call on us we can save you money. We ask is a trial and we are confident that you will become one of our regular customers.

Opposite Cotton mill Office
EDGEFIELD, S. C.

PLACE FOR FASHION HINTS

Policeman's Wife Rejoices Over His Promotion to the Fifth Avenue Squad.

When it was reported that the cross street policeman had been promoted to the Fifth Avenue squad the policeman's wife declared that she was the happiest woman in New York.

"Oh, it isn't the salary," she said, "nor the honor. I don't know whether he will get any more money or not, and as for the honor, he had enough of that where he was. But the fashion; just think of the hints he will pick up on them. For the last five years I have been sick with envy of the Fifth Avenue policemen's wives every time I went to a policeman's ball. They looked so chic. When asked where they got their ideas they said

"Why, from my husband, of course. He is right in the center of fashion, and he takes notes and comes home and tells me things. Then when I get my clothes made up he can compare me with the women he sees every day and tell whether I look just right or not."

"Now it is my turn to crow. My husband's eye for clothes is as keen as any man's, and there won't be much in the way of style that will escape him. Oh, yes, no doubt he will be kept pretty busy managing the traffic, but you can trust him to find out how the new clothes are made, just the same."

OPIUM PROBLEM IS SERIOUS

Where the Poppy Is No Longer Cultivated in China, Bees Stop Making Honey.

Some unexpected results are found from the movement against the production of opium in China. In the Yunnan, one of the provinces where opium was produced in large quantities and at a low price and where a great deal of it was consumed, it appears that the poppy is no longer cultivated, owing to the recent measures, and the poppy fields have quite disappeared, according to the statements made by Doctors Talbot and Rigaud. However, this has had a disastrous effect on the honey culture of the region. In fact, the honey from Yunnan was renowned for its quality, but as the bees find no more flowers, the production of honey is stopped as well. The new crops which replace the poppy, such as wheat or peas, are not such as will give honey yield as well. On another side of the question, it appears that the habits of the population are not suppressed by the present legislation, as some supposed would be the case, but according to Doctor Talbot, opium-smoking is again on the increase.—Scientific American.

Good Effects of Heat Wave.

According to an eminent medical authority in England, who has been talking about the heat wave and its effects on the general health of the community, a shade temperature of 97 degrees is an excellent thing for a number of people provided they are strong enough to stand it. "To live for a few days in a continual state of perspiration," said this doctor to M. A. P., "is about as good a health reviver as there is; it really induces the same result as the fasting cure, but in a better way. It clears the system thoroughly. The only drawback to this perspiring cure is that some people find it extremely weakening; those who do should take sustaining food, but little or no meat. A glass of port wine is advisable in cases where the heat has a very lowering effect on the vitality. I have seen a number of cases of nervous depression, neuralgia, and bad indigestion completely cured during the last few days simply as the result of the sufferer living in Nature's Turkish bath for a few days."

Too Much for the English.

I was out with a party of English and American friends the other day. We had organized a river picnic in search of sylvan glades and cool breezes.

The belle of the party was a lovely young American lady, a very "Edith of the swan's neck." She held the audience with original portrayals of the free American woman's way of doing.

A fine stalwart Briton, who saw all his protective instincts thwarted, and who wages war against the suffragettes, broke out at last with stern disapproval. "If you were my sister," he observed, "I would have you shut up under lock and key."

There was an appalling pause. "Well, I guess," said that American, "that you know your sister."

The American half of the company were convulsed and I began to wonder if the English really lack humor. —Black and White.

A Tennessee Romance.

A St. Louis man went down into Tennessee the other day to freshen memories of his youth. In the course of looking up everybody he called upon an old negro mammy who is a fixture upon the place.

"What's new, mammy?" he asked. "Well, Marse Bob, they ain't no nuthin' new 'cept Nellie's gwin marry Lee," she said.

"That trifling nigger Lee, mammy? How did that happen?"

"Ah don' know, Marse Bob. You see, Nellie's got a home an' a stove, an' fall's a comin' on. Ah 'spects that nigger Lee's jes' fixin' to bamble the winter, Marse Bob."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

POOR FIDO WAS KICKED OUT

Misses Didn't Grieve Over His Illness After Learning He Was Out of Fashion.

The late Mrs. Sue Landon Vaughan, who originated Memorial day, had always a great love for humanity and a great contempt for such things as obstructed the free play of humanitarianism.

"Mrs. Vaughan," said a Washington veteran, "regarded lap dogs as obstructions to humanitarianism, and she had no belief in the sincerity of the average society woman's affection for her lap dog. There's a lap-dog story she often used to tell.

"A man—so the story runs—came down to breakfast one morning to find his wife in tears.

"Oh," she sobbed, 'what shall I do? Poor little Fido is ill, and the dog doctor says his case is serious. Oh, what will become of me if anything happens to my precious little Pomeranian Fido!'

"The man comforted his wife as well as he could, and that evening he came home early in order to administer more comfort to her.

"To his amazement, however, he found her, on his return, seated at the piano, singing one of the gayest airs from 'The Count of Luxembourg.'

"Why," he stammered, 'why, when I left home this morning Fido was ill and you were heartbroken, while now—now—'

"Strutting gayly, she glanced at him over her shoulder.

"You see, dear," she said, 'Mrs. Van Astorbilt called this afternoon, and she told me that Pomeranians are not fashionable any longer. Everything is Pekinese spaniels now. So I dried my eyes and kicked Fido out.'

ALMOST LIKE A COMPLIMENT

Woman of 33 Couldn't Feel Angry at Youth Who Addressed Her as "Kiddo."

Pumps are not the easiest things to keep on one's feet. A woman who was hurrying on her way to work found out that a foot can fall right out of a pump if the edge of a barrel stave is trod upon at the proper angle. She righted herself with a scuff and a shuffle and managed to get the shoe on again without having to relinquish all her native dignity. As she was going through the performance, however, which didn't take more than a second all told, one of those easy-mannered, sociable young striplings who abound in wholesale houses and are usually to be found on the sidewalks in the capacity of shipping clerks or stencillers, brushed by with a loud, "Hey, there, Kiddo, don'tcher fall!"

The girl friend who was with the pump woman looked indignant. "The idea!" she cried. "Did you hear that insolent puppy call out to you as we passed? Why are you laughing? It was most insulting, my dear. If I were only a man, I'd—"

"Tut, tut, Mabel, dear. I don't mind a bit. I suppose I ought to resent it, but—but—you noticed he called me 'Kiddo'?"

"Yes, that was the horrid part—so vulgarly impudent."

The woman smiled. "Well, you see, dear, I just couldn't feel mad at that chap. It—it—seemed sort of a—a compliment! I'll be thirty-three my next birthday!"

Insurance Against Hall.

Switzerland is undoubtedly one of the countries where insurance against hail has made most progress. It may be said that there is not a single canton where there are not some persons insured against this scourge of the farmer, and all the products grown in the country (cereals, fruit, vegetables, etc.) may be guaranteed against hail risks with the national insurance companies.

The Swiss Hail Insurance company was formed as far back as 1884, and during the 26 years that it has been in existence it has been joined by the greater number of the farmers of the country, the other company which is working this branch of insurance, of Neuchatel, being a local concern which insures only the vineyards of the neighborhood. From 1884 to 1908 about 14,000,000 francs was paid into the coffers of the Swiss company in premiums, and during the same period it paid out about 10,000,000 francs for the satisfaction of claims. In 1908 alone the premiums paid by the Swiss farmers for insurance against hail amounted to 1,076,606 francs.

Not What She Needed Most.

"I am sending you a thousand kisses," he wrote to his fair young wife who was spending her first month away from him.

Two days later he received the following telegram:

"Kisses received. Landlord refuses to accept any of them on account."

Then he woke up and forwarded a check.

Needed in Her Business.

Madge—You seem to be enjoying your vacation.

Marjorie—If I'd known there would have been so many young men to get engaged to I'd have brought along my card index system from the office.

Careful Man.

"When I got back from my vacation my husband had only one soiled dish for me to wash."

"He washed the others, eh?"

"It seems he only used one dish."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

ONE BIRD'S LABOR OF LOVE

Naturalist Watches Thrushes Building Their Nest, Where the Female Did the Work.

The other day I sat for an hour watching a pair of wood thrushes engaged in building their nest near "Slab-sides." I say a pair, though the female really did all the work. The male hung around and was evidently an interested spectator of the proceeding. The mother bird was very busy bringing and placing the material, which consisted mainly of dry maple leaves which the winter had made thin and soft, and which were strewn over the ground all about. How pretty she looked running over the ground, now in shade, now in sunshine, searching for the leaves that were just to her fancy! Sometimes she would seize two or more and with a quick, soft flight bear them to the fork of a little maple sapling.

Every five or six minutes during her absence the male would come and inspect her work. He would look it over, arrange a leaf or two with his beak, and then go his way. Twice he sat down in the nest and worked his feet and pressed it with his breast, as if shaping it. When the female found him there on her return he quickly got out of her way.

But he brought no material, he did no needful thing, he was a bird of leisure. The female did all the drudgery, and with what an air of grace and ease she did it! So soft of wing, so trim of form, so pretty of pose and so gentle in every movement! It was evidently no drudgery to her, the material was handy, and the task one of love.—Country Life in America.

NOT ALL ARE LIKE THIS

Example of the Cold-Blooded New York Landlady Probably an Exception.

"Ever since coming to New York I have heard about the cold-blooded metropolitan landlady," remarked the woman-who-hails-from-the-west, but it was not until my colored laundress lost her son that I rubbed elbows with the genuine calloused article. The boy was drowned while bathing in the Hudson, and a policeman brought home his few garments and dilapidated old shoes, with the word that the body would hardly be recovered.

"The woman's first thought was that she wanted her husband to know of their loss and come to her comfort. He is employed as kitchen helper in a boarding house run by a woman in the north end of Manhattan. I telephoned to his employer, and she calmly replied that the man could not come to the telephone, no servants were permitted to do so; nor would she give the message to him. 'He is particularly busy today, and I cannot spare him,' was her harsh reply. Rather hotly I informed her that I would immediately telegraph him, and she replied that the message would not be delivered until after working hours.

"Later I learned that I should have reported the matter to the police department and a policeman would have been sent to inform the father; but as the matter stood, the distracted mother had to wait for the comfort of her husband until 'after working hours,' nearly ten hours, at that."

How Divers Fish.

When diving lessons are going on at the Newport Training Station there is always fish for supper. The thick black mud at the bottom of the bay is dotted with flounders, big fellows that the divers easily capture by hand and bring up without any trouble. It is hard to walk on the sea floor without stepping on them, where they lie half buried in the ooze. All the man under water has to do is to stoop and pick them up. Being a sluggish fish, they make very little resistance and are hauled up to the surface by the tail or fins without any fuss. Big eels, too, are plentiful, fat, green fellows thick as a man's arm. It would take a stout net to hold them and no diver dares to tackle one, no matter how much his mouth waters for eels stewed in milk. The muscular contortions of such eels as inhabit Newport harbor would be pretty sure to foul the lifeline or airhose and would probably result in the diver's death, so the men in the diving suits confine themselves to the complaisant flounder.

The Order of Precedence.

The fair Englishwoman looked puzzled. "How do you manage," she asked, "about going out to dinners and about presentations and all that sort of thing? You know no order of precedence, don't you know?"

"Oh, mistake not," cheerfully replied the American. "We have, indeed."

"I have not been able to discover it. What is the basis of it?"

"Oh, we go alphabetically, don't you know?"

Companions in Tribulation.

"Who are the two men who shake hands and look sympathetic every time that prima donna's name is mentioned?"

"One is her manager and the other is her husband."

In the Interest of Economy.

"I suppose they will have combination accidents next."

"What do you mean?"

"Where an airship drops on an automobile and the automobile does the rest."

Christmas Tree at Mill School.

The Beaver Dam School taught by Miss Sophie E. Abney will have a Christmas celebration on December 22nd at 7.30 p. m., consisting of a Christmas tree with gifts for every child in the Mill Village between the ages of 2 and 15; Christmas songs and a tableaux. Beaver Dam Mill, headed by Mr. B. F. Zimmerman, has contributed largely to this Christmas entertainment. Mr. Zimmerman is desirous to do all in his power to forward the interests and welfare of his employees. Miss Abney is doing much for the pupils in her charge.

We Must Blame Ourselves.

The cotton farmers are in trouble because thousands let the good price of cotton make them lose their heads and plant all the land possible in cotton. One would suppose that the farmers of the South had had enough of that experience in the past. If one-third the area had been planted in cotton on a good farming basis, and the same big crop had been made, there would not have been anything like the trouble there is, because the cotton would have been grown at a lower cost, and other crops in the rotation would make up the difference and the farmers would be getting cash for oats and corn and hogs and cattle. The best plan is to make a good rotation of crops and stick to it and never let cotton run away with your land because it brings a good price in one season.—The Progressive Farmer.

A Terrible Blunder

to neglect liver trouble. Never do it. Take Dr. King's New Life Pills on the first sign of constipation, biliousness or inactive bowels and prevent virulent indigestion, jaundice or gall stones. They regulate liver, stomach and bowels and build up your health. Only 25c at Penb & Holstein's W E Lynch & Co., B Timmons.

HIS DEATH LEAVES BIG GAP

Collins, Walter in House of Commons Smoking Room, Had Known Generations of Members.

Scarcely any figure could have departed from the house of commons and left so great a gap in the intimate life of members as has been occasioned by the death of Collins, the waiter in the upper smoking room. For something like fifty years he had been in the service of the house, and he had known whole generations of members, who looked upon him with almost affection. The upper smoking room is the true center of serious gossip in the house of commons. It is the place where men speak their minds to one another. Collins, in moving about among the tables, heard all the gossip, and no man was so infallible in interpreting the real opinion of members—an opinion not always expressed in more public quarters.

Some few weeks ago a garden party to the staff and police of the house of commons, Mr. T. P. O'Connor made general reference to the unique position of Collins. He told how, when Mr. Lloyd George was in doubt about the passing of his budget, when all the political authorities told him one thing or another, he went to Collins, as the best informed politician, to know what ought to be done.

Collins was an ideal waiter, knowing the preferences of his regular customers and needing no order from them when they entered the room over which he ruled. He seemed to have the secret of perpetual youth. His round, sunny, boyish face, his alertness and his uniform cheerfulness gave to him an appearance of juvenility which belied all statements as to his age. He had the true Irish temperament, was witty and ready, and was never known to be "out of sorts." No man was more generously treated or more highly respected by his clients.—Westminster Gazette.

NO USE OF BEING A SPORT

Sullivan Offered to Flip Coin to See Whether He Could Serve Ten Years or Nothing.

This is the sad story of one of the most thoroughbred sports known to the history of hazards. His name was Sullivan, and he had blue eyes and red hair, with a brogue to match his coloring. John Hays Hammond, the mining engineer, met him in prison in South Africa at the time when Hammond and other men were held as captives by the Boers in connection with the Jameson raid. The engineer and the Irishman became well acquainted.

"Probably you wonder why I'm in here," said Sullivan, one day, when the thermometer had gone as high as 115 in the shade. "Well, I'll tell you; I got into a little trouble, and I pleaded guilty to it.

"Five years!" said the judge. "Your honor!" I cried out, 'I'll throw heads and tails with you to see whether it shall be ten years or nothing!'

"And would you believe it, Mr. Hammond? That judge got mad and added on five years, anyhow. And now I'm serving that extra five years. What's the use of being a sport?"—Popular Magazine.